# "Naad Ho Laye"

## The Nostalgic Call

(A collection of Kashmiri poems)

**By: Piarey Hatash**

**Translated by: R.K. Bharati**

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**Translated by: R.K. Bharati**

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**Dedicated to the masters of Kashmiri language and to those who care for it.**

# DR. KULBHUSHAN RAZDAN

(Former Head, Department of English, University of Jammu)

**Foreword**

*Naad Ho Laye*

(The Nostalgic call)

A collection of Kashmiri poems by **Piarey Hatash**

Translated into English by **R.K. Bharati**

# FOREWORD

"Naad Ho Laye" is a poetic compendium in Kashmiri by Piarey Hatash resounds with yearning, longing, apocalyptic symbolism and above all a nostalgic call by the lost motherland to its sons living in distress and diasporic wilderness. Rendered into English by R.K. Bharati, the translation at times commits infidelity vis-à-vis the original by resorting to syntactic aberrations, perhaps not by choice but as an ironic consequence of overzealous adherence to originality. The futility of translating poetry in any language to any other linguistic medium has been acknowledged by no less a person than the celebrated English romantic poet, P.B. Shelley. Yet Bharti has done a commendable job in constructing poetically the nobility of diction, the only way he could transmit and transcreate the irrepressible psychic agony and existential tribulation of the central protagonist, who is none else than Hatash himself. Fifty-four ghazals comprise the first phase of the collection followed by some poems at the end. Taken cumulatively, "Naad Ho Laye". or "The Nostalgic Call" can be labelled as the poetic odyssey of a traumatized, alienated soul spilling over with angst and anomie. The ghazals reflect a repetitive element of existential dismemberment of the Self, the lacerations of the spirit inflicted by the apostatic deeds of individuals subscribing to a demonic human world: "Every one was weeping for *Hatash*/ He destroyed himself in the end." And again: "The wise love silence, / the fools find faults/ *Hatash*, spreads love always but, / He feels ashamed with such a gift now." Self-mortification reinforced with untiring energy and frank language, constitutes Hatash's armoury of poetic vocabulary. Some of the ghazals verge upon cynically inspired sepulchral longings as in these words: "O, young thing, the world has to be left behind soon, / Nobody's youth lasts/… Strange are the ways of the world O, *Hatash*/ The single sheet of a shroud has to be donned in the end." Here mention may be made of the fifteenth ghazal in which the poetic voice of Hatash cries harsh and loud about a dehumanized world of atomized, indifferent and callous people, the denizens of a mass society in which individuals like Hatash become misfits, potential victims of the incongruous and the inevitable. These lines become bosomed high in tufted metaphors of sublimity, submission and sacrifice at the altar of apocalyptic frenzy: "I would tear my rags of clothes, / I would loudly weep on myself. /… My own people openly knifed me. / How much did they talk and chatter, /But secretly they ruined me…/… … They are stone hearted, unconcerned, / little can they understand my lamentation. / See, *Hatash* is in deep trouble, / He was born for nothing." For the poet, the diasporic tribulation becomes one living hell, the world of the nightmare and the scapegoat: "Every passing day is like a mountain, / every moment is tormenting… / my tolerance weakened my resistance, / As if acid has spread over my body. / *Hatash* is not gloomy for nothing. / The rules of truth have shattered." Hatash's "living abode" has been destroyed, "someone has been named monkey "and someone roasted alive".

Repeatedly, in ghazal after ghazal, the apocalyptic drumbeat reaches a crescendo. Some penultimate ghazals become poetic paradoxes conveying a personality, which is intense and self-centered, retelling as one who bears all the burden of contemporary knowledge. Hatash's private misfortunes and personal anguish darken his thought and the resultant verse hits the reader's mind with vigour, brilliance and an unsettling effect. For instance consider these lines: "Express your inner feelings, / Do not conceal anything, put your record straight. / You cannot walk over dead bodies, / ... One day sitting in the gable, now in exile, /what has happened has happened, stop grieving any more. / I wonder how the times have changed, / Erase all traces of old memories.../ *Hatash* has wilted under hot summer, / There is no shade, even the coolness is burning." And again: "The coolness is ablaze like fire... / the net has also tightened its loops." The wounds of Diaspora have inflicted a raging tumult; a storm of depression and distress rages with unabated fury across Hatash's landscape of the mind and the soul; the resultant cacophony shapes itself into a form, a design, a metaphysical matrix bearing the nomenclature: "Naad Ho Laye," which, in case translated in letter and spirit, becomes CALL YOU I WILL, transcreated in poetic parlance as the 'Nostalgic call'. The metaphysically inspired 'gravitational pull' of the lost homeland proves overwhelming in poem after poem. Hatash's ability to grasp great conceptions in the form of figures of thought and figures of diction embellished with noble and yet disturbing phraseology, lends an aura of sublimity to the entire collection.

From the reader's perspective "Naad Ho Laye' offers much food, a feast of images and constructional nuances for fresh reflection and an irresistible introspection. All the same the English translation at times creates the desire to read the original. As already pointed out poesy in translation can never be faithful to the poet's own medium of expression, the resultant corollary comes as the translator's courage: try hard as he may creative fallacies do creep in. For instance the poem titled "The Bewildered" talks about "burning sun" and "thirsty Arni Maal" with the original poem in Kashmiri using the terms "*vohvuni*" and "*Dadsi-huch*" for the sun and Arni Maal, respectively. Yet Bharati's own creative acumen, being a writer himself, more often than not, atones for these unintentional deviations. The concluding stanza of "The Bewildered" deserves to be quoted as an infallible specimen of dignified and spirited composition:

"My forehead is burning hot, / I search for a few green straws. / Where there would be the greenery of the paradise./... Where human hearts would unite / Where food would be abundant, / Where there would be abundant love./ Where there would be free flight of birds, / Where there would be no dragons. / I would sacrifice myself there, / I would die for such a place."

The excellence of Amplification by intensifying suffering endured, cries hoarse in these lines. Amplification, as Longinus once remarked, is language which invests the subject with greatness. By its very thematic essence, "Naad Ho Laye" being a cry of despair and lamentation in an existential wilderness, Hatash's poetic vocabulary, even in translation conveys an inherent virtue. The words in some of the later poems, especially the long 'Hymn' at the end addressed to Lord Shiva, charms the reader with greatness, beauty, raciness, weight, strength and mastery. '*Har Shambhu*' is the mantra for salvation. Look at these words:

"He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu* / He who learns the four Vedas./ That is the real abode of Shiva (paradise)./ The circle of birth and death will not affect him./ He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu*./ Consider Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva./ The origin of three worlds as one./ Worship them with pure mind./ He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu*."

Hatash's supplication to Lord Shiva continues: "O, ash smeared *Shambhoo* Show the path of hope to Hatash."

These beautiful words in a real and special sense become the very light of thought.

Finally "Naad Ho Laye", the Nostalgic call, climaxes with Hatash's protest:

"How much can I tolerate?" and earlier the cries of despair and angst attain a crescendo: "No one is a true friend. / You have to leave your home and hearth./ Listen to my groans./ How much can I tolerate?/ The words emit fire today./ Every one is on the run, / Take me to the other shore. / How much can I tolerate?" In these words pregnant with the pathos of a poet's lacerated and wounded psyche, the reader can witness the artistic credo of Hatash as a poet of composition rather than of intellect.

Finally, the residual tinge of regret sounds in my mind. it would have been better and more satisfying to deal with the original poems in Kashmiri, a translation is after all a translation. Translations make you look at the poet's creative acumen by proxy, yet Bharati has tried his best to render Hatash in English. It can by no means be an easy exercise to translate Kashmiri poesy into English as the original vocabulary, more often than not becomes simply untranslatable. Only transcreating and transmogrifying can rescue the translator. Well done Hatash, when you simply say: "Listen to the sweet melody of Hatash, / He always practices ambiguity." The "melody" in "Naad Ho laye" is the well orchestrated bitter sweet refrain ringing with the tones of bewilderment, agony and loss. The panacea to Hatash's 'ills' may for ever be the perpetually receding 'horizon' of his hopes, aspirations and desires, a sure paradigm for all humans having undergone the trials and tribulations of existence in diasporic wilderness.

**Dr. K.B.Razdan,**
University of Jammu

March 07, 2007

# REVIEW

Piarey Hatash is a multifaceted personality - writer, translator, TV interviewer and, above all, a prodigious versifier. Come Ghazal or Nazam, Vaakh or Vachun he is there.

He is trilingual and has two postgraduate degrees - Hindi and Urdu under his belt, nay, in his bag --- the bag that is his invariable companion, hanging from his left shoulder wherever he goes, dishing something out of it for you - a poem, an essay - yes he has to his credit as many as fifteen books till date, including four poetry collections.

'Naad Ho Laye' ('The Nostalgic Call') is his latest in Kashmiri and faithfully translated by R.K Bharati.

'The Nostalgic Call' is a collection of fifty four ghazals, six poems and a long hymn. In his very first ghazal Hatash begins with the beginning, which he also calls the end, and waxes philosophical about eternity and life's journey about which we know not when it started and where it will end:

> The beginning is the end, the end the beginning
> Empty handed you came, did you perform your duty?
> Whence did we start, when shall the journey end
> Pray tell me, did you find your goal?

And in another Ghazal:

> I go where I come from
> Who is, born who dies?

But his pervasive theme is the ephemeral human relationships, the fairweather friendships, the treacheries by one's own people, the breach of trust by the confidants who give you away, the rejection by loved ones who make use of you and throw you away like an old rag. He calls it 'the age of sin':

You revealed my secret, my confidant, well done
You shattered my tender longings, my friend, well done!
You humiliated me for no fault of mine
Having stigmatized me, you hid yourself, well done.

Hatash raves and rants about the strangely aberrant and violent times we are passing through and his dismay and disdain on the egocentric, materialistic, arrogant, greedy and callous human being pours in his lines:

Every one is busy with oneself
Caught in strange circumstances
Alone have I to bear searing pain
So strange is human species
They may steal light from the sun
And turn day into another night

And yet again:

Today's man has no time
He is caught in a terrible web
Don't you sing a song of the present times
Lest the musical instrument should break!

Hatash rues the transitoriness of existence, the brevity of youth, grandeur and glamour thus:

The edge of the world is blunted in the end
the fire of the woods smoulders in the end
The autumn winds invade the garden in the end
the steed of time, how fast it runs
Oh, how it will fall down in the end!

He agonizes on the inconsistencies of human nature thus:

> We are the big turncoats of the present age
> We change as it suits us

and about the dichotomy in human perceptions:

> Those who said Hatash was a mad poet
> They sing his poems, did you mark?

But loses no time to make up and reconcile:

> Hatash, don't you recall enmities
> Let us bury the hatchet for a while.

Hatash had to quit his motherland along with more than three hundred and fifty thousand of his community and his wounds, still fresh, stare at you from his lines:

> Why do you blame others, Hatash
> Your own people ruined you
> How can I tell strangers what befell me
> When my own people openly knifed me?

And later in reference to his forced exile:

> How will you trust your own people
> Who was it who sent you into wilderness?
> When my own people caught me by the throat
> I understood it was the age of sin.

But he sounds a note of philosophical resignation, not necessarily having reconciled with his exodus and exile but an advice to stop grieving and to look ahead:

> What has happened has happened.
> Stop grieving any more

And he reinforces this argument brilliantly in the oneness of human suffering in his poem 'Snare':

> Look at your holes

these resemble those of mine.
All of us resemble each other
In misfortunes.

But finally the artist in him emerges in this brilliant exhortation:

To search musk pod in the deer is no achievement
To spread the fragrance of your own musk is an art
The sunlight illumines the whole world
To illuminate the night is an art
It is good to gild metals in a furnace
To eat fire and contain it is an art
It is no feat to offer milk to the serpents
To snatch the ruby and wake the serpent up is an art
It is no feat to step on the moon
To shine like a star is an art.

Once I asked Hatash what type of a poet could one describe him and he said we could call him a "Bakhti poet". But in 'The Nostalgic Call' Hatash emerges a soundly secular, tender and sensitive, humanistic poet highly conscious of his destiny that pours in these lines:

Many a man fell tired seeking the goal
I carry that goal with me and go on.

**Dr. K.L Chowdhury**

# INTRODUCTION

This is a welcome volume: Piarey Hatash's book of Kashmiri poems rendered into English by R.K. Bharati. The original poems were brought out as a volume under the befitting title 'Naad Ho Laye' in the year 2004, which I had the pleasure of going through first. In my view the Kashmiri poems are readable and rich in cultural content. Predominantly *ghazals*, they also include some *nazams, leelas* and *vachans*. Piarey 'Hatash' has fifteen ~~dozen~~ books to his credit, produced during the past three decades or so; they bear testimony to the author's creative talent and versatility as a scholar. By now a noted poet in his mother tongue, Kashmiri, he has a flair for writing competently in Urdu and Hindi as well. And he also commands the ability to undertake literary translations—from Hindi into Kashmiri and *vice versa*. If he keeps up the tempo of his writings, I believe he will be reckoned a man of achievement in his chosen field.

Having gone through the contents of 'Naad Ho Laye', I am impressed by the author's creative command of Kashmiri. He knows how best to press words into service and has cultivated a style of his own as a poet. The poems amply reveal his concern for human values and the love he cherishes for his cultural heritage as a native of the valley. Some poems reflect the anguish he feels over the decline in the values he upholds. In several poems we find the author reasserting his cultural past, obviously engaged in a search for his roots. The charm of the natural landscapes in the valley, and of the rivers, lakes and mountains—especially the magic of the countryside—all this comes alive through the poet's pictorial touches.

The present volume contains Shri R.K. Bharti's English translation of the original poems. I find that the translator has taken pains to ensure that the pieces rendered into English are faithful to the source text. Desirably, translations should be literary rather than literal. They should as such be readable and should capture the essence of the original pieces. The readers will judge for themselves if this requirement has been fulfilled in the present volume.

**A.N. Dhar,**
(Retired Professor of English,
University of Kashmir)

14 Sept., 2005

# Ghazals

* * *

The beginning is the end, end is the beginning
You came empty handed; did you do your duty?
Some words blushed, their meaning went wrong
O, ye sleepy one, did you hear any sound?
Open your pouch; do not store saffron in gables,
Look at the door, a beggar waits there for alms.
The palmist predicted fiery days ahead
Did you find a trace of him?
After death the tombstone, while life was a tragedy,
How hard we treated him when (he was) alive!
Where did we start, where shall the journey end
Tell me if you found any goal (end)?
O, *Hatash*, I read your *ghazal* deep in the previous night
The night reverberates in my eyes.

○

Well, my confidant, you revealed the secret
You shattered my tender longings, (it) doesn't matter (with me)
You humiliated me for no fault of mine
You hid (yourself) leaving a scar on my being.
I craved for false yearnings
You ridiculed me after bringing me round.
My tender heart was half dead in your love
Well, you disdained my friendship.
Why did you run away when I dozed?
Whom did you entrust me after offending me?
I shall be ruined if secrets are revealed,
Well, you caused me to tear my clothes.
You put me at stake and kept aloof.
Well, you put the whole burden on me.
O, *Hatash*, how can I bear your treachery?
Well, if you own me and (then) discard me

○

The edge of the world is blunted in the end
The fire of the world smoulders in the end
When the autumn wind invades flower gardens
The flowers wither in the end
How fast does the steed of the Time run!
It will fall down tired in the end.
Happiness and sorrow are but transitory
Every one leaves (the stage) in the end.
No one has inherited eternal inheritance
Every house will be locked in the end.
Nothing can be concealed on the day of judgement
The universe will be engulfed in fog.
How much was less and what remained for posterity
Every grain is to be accounted for in the end.
No one knows the reality of life
It also is put to test in the end.
The Omniscient has spread His large establishment
Every description will be verified in the end.
Every one was weeping for *Hatash*
He destroyed himself in the end.

○

Why so much tumult; come listen
Mind you, this world is transitory

Don't plunder each other, you the insolvents,
Listen; don't show your muscle power.

Who is this alien, who just entered the gate?
Listen; keep your gates locked for some time.

Would that these times would perish
Listen; these have never been faithful to any one.

His heart would also beat
What else could the poor fellow do?

Some one shivered in the cold in winter
Some other added one more storey to his building.

It is said that there is human famine these days
Listen; let a few souls come together.

Who is it who pesters you O, *Hatash*?
Reflect for a while on this.

* * *

You are the tender string of my thoughts
You sing *Malhar* in incessant rain.
Your steps are like pearls on land
You are the flowing stream of the spring.
You were destined to such a city for nothing
You are the fairy come from a village
It is a desert why did you come to this place?
You, who are the roaring river with jingling bells.
So beautiful, attractive, what name shall I call you by?
Doe-eyed, you are a paragon of beauty.
I lost faith in my own self,
You are my belief, my confidence, my solace.
Springs look like eddies to me,
You are restless though a calm ocean.
You sing in saffron fields like harvest-moon,
Come for the love of your native place, Chandhar?
I looked at you keenly again and again,
You are exactly in my own image.
The hooligans escaped after breaching the bund,
You ferry thousands across the river.
I fall like the dead autumn leaf,
You are blooming like springtide.
To keep promise you went into wilderness,

○

You are the *Urvashi* come from the Paradise,
You adorn the court of *Indira*.
Your word is real gold from the ash,
You are the sterling kind of expression.
People made fun of your walking naked,
You are the verses of Lalla, emerged from the oven.
Your looks turned dryness into water,
You are deep of vision and alert in mind.
You embellish the paradise itself,
You are the new bride and the light house.
I would reveal my affliction to you,
You are the suppressed secret of my tongue.
You kept silent on seeing the stone in the plate,
You are the wisdom of being a daughter in law.
Your heart conceals seven seas,
You are our ocean-deep world.
You did not console the heart broken *Hatash*,
You are the juicy speech of silence.

○

To whom should we reveal our heart?
To whom should we describe our affliction?
The secret was out unguardedly,
How can we contain it now?
Since the times went against us,
We cannot confide in any one now.
We are the big turncoats of the present time,
We change as it suits us.
We shall cut our own roots,
We shall allow aliens to plunder us.
There is no shame in hard work,
Let us forget false prestige.
*Hatash*, don't you recall the enmities,
Let us bury the hatchet for some time.

○

Wonder, he has rent asunder his heart,
Or is it the burn-mark of love?
Where had you hid yourself?
When did you come from the hiding?
On seeing the tender bride of recent love
You retraced your steps.
Perhaps the tender love has been plundered somewhere,
For this reason some damsel has wept bitterly.
Some poor fellow has come under dark clouds,
They say he has been trampled over.
People run towards jungles these days,
They say the night is so frightening.
Some one has been mislead by day light,
Tell me who is so clever and crafty?
Why do you blame others?
Your own people have ruined you.
*Hatash*, you have yet to traverse much,
The journey is hard and frightening, they say.

○

When I came across you yesterday,
Every step became a nightmare.
My enemy is jealous, let him be,
The truth shall be told soon.
I had to drink poison how could I tell you?
I saw the living example of nectar.
The morning has come alive in your twin eyes,
You gait is without a blemish.
The wise love silence,
The fools find faults.
*Hatash*, spreads love always but,
He feels ashamed with such a gift now.

○

Don't you say 'my life is unconfortable',
It is an old story, don't repeat it.
When the tongue was sewn they pulled the skirt,
Don't you say the weaver's shuttle has got stuck,
The hearts became stony and beatings stopped,
Don't say your suggestion was overlooked.
The secrets were dug out,
Don't say, 'I am innocent'.
How mad one becomes in love,
Don't you say: 'the beautiful one came my way'.
*Hatash* lost his dreams; became helpless,
Don't say the desires will be scattered.

○

Our feet tired, we searched, we craved,
We searched much but man has become rare.
Naked bodies aching, eyes burning like lamps,
Did he too face such a torment?
Scowled foreheads, foggy sky, eyes shut,
Since when the sun has become dim?
The wind became furious, straws burnt,
Even water became rare.
One who saw grey fog in beating sun,
How did he face his reckoning?
The arched brows also refused,
Ponder, what such response suggests?
Heart is hard iron but O, *Hatash*,
It melted in the heat of fire.

○

Why recollect my beloved, when my youth has gone?
After wasting time, I remembered the burden of life.
The heart hardened when the troubles swelled,
Since then I often remember my life long friend.
Somebody's attractive face has become troubled,
I recollect the brilliant visage of my beloved.
That who threw his lasso (rope) in the darkness and caught the moon unawares,
Having seen that, I recollect the character of the times.
On seeing the flowers of that bough, alas I lost my sheen,
When lances pierced my heart, I remembered the thorn.
The whole world is perplexed on seeing the varied acts of the Creator,
Reflecting on this, I remembered this juggler of a world.
Some storm raged when I was fast asleep, I heard something,
When I reflected upon one verse of *Hatash,* the whole night.

○

Journey is the name of journey, try a bit,
The goal is receding, accelerate your steps.
The paths are desolate, wilderness prevails everywhere,
The discourse has lost its taste, the earth only a desert.
The essence of my thought has melted,
Ask and have it; test it if you may.
I am not the homelessness; you are not the domestic chore,
Silence is my achievement, change the topic and forget it now.
How much can you acquire, what will you give to any one?
If you fear (God), you will acquire all, blunt the edge of greed.
You dug out my roots, how much can I forget?
You are the spring of reminders; I, the sprinkling of forgetfulness.
He, the ocean swimmer embraces waves,
My boat of small brooks asks me to pull.
Never did a lamp burn in the wind,
The rising waves of the Wullar swallow the simoom.

○

O, young thing, the world has to be left behind soon,
Nobody's youth lasts.
What do you mean by life?
One must recognise oneself in life.
As long as you have thought it to be,
That long you have to bear the journey.
Do you know the greatness of a royal swan?
It discriminates between milk and water.
What is the use of crying?
O, brother, all things make the world.
When did the fatal disease have a remedy?
One has to forget although aware of it.
What deep thought you have plunged in?
Some one in trouble has to be freed.
How much can one recollect, O brother;
How much had you to suppress?
Strange are the ways of the world O, *Hatash*!
The single sheet of a shroud has to be donned in the end.

○

Gunpowder comes alive on the roads,
Whenever conflagration engulfs every path.
Ever new things appear but alas,
The old traces are spread on roads.
The whole earth has become desolate,
Every one sows thorn apples on the roads.
People live abnormal lives here,
They sew paths with gun pipes.
Strange people and strange environment,
The hot pan of malice sears the roads.
*Hatash* is even frightened of shadows now,
The black clouds have devastated the roads.

○

I would tear my rags of clothes,
I would loudly weep on myself.
How can I tell strangers what happened to me and where?
My own people openly knifed me.
How much did they talk and chatter,
But secretly they ruined me.
I have always been craving in vain,
They took me for a fool and exploited (me).
I was poor but no one helped,
They befriended (me) at entertainment.
They are stone hearted, unconcerned,
Little can they understand my lamentation.
See, *Hatash* is in deep trouble,
He was born for nothing.

○

My poetry is fiery speech, could you grasp?
Your youth is maddening bloom could you grasp?
I don't remember what was I humming?
The tongue went on signing, did you notice?
The heaps of dead bodies stay on hope,
They have offered sacrifices, did you note?
They understood there was no remedy to this,
Every one is complaining here, did you notice?
Some one had to bear pain for no fault of his,
Who spoke lies, did you notice?
The oversights of fleeting moments had to be borne for ages,
Did you see whose youth was sacrificed for it?
I searched through the universe and found it useless in the end,
Life is flowing water, did you understand?
Those who said *Hatash* was a mad poet,
They sing his poems, did you mark?

○

The eyes revealed their pain openly,
When the veil of emotions was rent asunder by the eyes.
Whose heart was burning like fire?
The eyes enjoyed the balmy cool hospitality.
Who forced some one not to talk?
Who is it who squandered pearls from the eyes?
Hiss boast will be revealed sooner than later.
The eyes practised the shortness of long communication.
That who came by the rich reward, what did you gain?
Tell me what did the people experience through the eyes?
Listen to poems of *Hatash* and see the elevation of thought,
The eyes weighed him when he reached the market.

○

He opened his eyes and offered dreams,
He scowled and showed his scars.
In time we did not care,
Otherwise how could we wait so long?
Every passing day is like a mountain,
Every moment is tormenting.
The desires overflowed,
For nothing I searched for water.
Is there anyone who can join couples?
Who will perform so good a deed?
My tolerance weakened my resistance,
As if acid has spread over my body.
*Hatash* is not gloomy for nothing,
The rules of truth (have) shattered.

○

Some one became the target for nothing,
Wounds shattered somebody.
Some one spoke in utter ignorance,
It has been complicated for someone.
Making fun is easy pass time here,
Some one has been named 'monkey'
I was pained to hear the tender cries
Of a starving baby in someone's lap.
They destroyed the living abode,
And then roasted someone alive.
Some one's hair shines with perfume there,
Here some one has matter hair.
It has been announced through the village,
Some one's designs have been exposed.
They were reduced to penury by small thefts,
Then they created confusion for someone.
The lone son died just now,
Alas, someone was tormented today.
*Hatash*, don't you cry so loud,
Someone is losing count of his wealth.

○

Common men bore the brunt always,
The dusk supported the dawn always.
It is no matter of description;
We always drank hemlock.
Everything was blamed on us,
We were always vilified.
The death has raged always,
It has always borne the brunt.
Time has always kept us thirsty,
We always drank cupfuls of sweat.
This is the rule of this city,
Here the ripe ones always became unripe.
Though we worked so hard always,
Still they called us unsuccessful.
What a lion was put in cages always,
Thus the brave ones were subdued.
Listen to sweet melody of *Hatash*,
He always practises ambiguity.

○

The fiery lightening always attacks the garments,
The wind went red on seeing this openly.
When I fell short of space it was of no use,
When I exceeded my limits the whole village protested.
To pay debts is my inner affliction,
The debts cause humiliation.
The mendicant was called mad,
The raw ones did not understand it.
The dusty autumn air lost its edge,
Did you cause the trees to blossom in Spring?
It may bring blame to us and he may feel depressed,
Why are you backbiting any one?
I listened to your tune O, *Hatash*,
You sing *Malkous* in the evening.

○

Your wisdom is praiseworthy even now,
You filled the cups for that beloved one.
If you do not bend your filmy eyes to the floor,
What use is my pleading then?
Your body parts smell of amber,
For this the delicacy is boasting.
O, heart, your glimpse is a miracle,
For God's sake, where shall I keep waiting?
Has beauty and love has some bargaining,
Even water is burnt here in the fire of love?
One forgets the whole tiredness of journey,
When one ponders over the delicacy of love.
Why to ask *Hatash*, what is love?
What does he, the lovelorn know?

○

The angel of fire is on the prowl, run away for some time,
The water has receded to river banks.
    The disease has spread inside me,
    You are falsely assuring me of cure.
Look keenly at the cremation ground of the friend,
Perhaps I can stop the Death for the time being.
    For whom does the simoom blow again and again?
    Misfortune brings strange things in its trail.
We covered many people with a pall,
Even the earth has become heavy.
    Make your verses intoxicating and attract people,
    Listen you to intoxicating *ghazal* for a while.
I shape words into verses,
See what hobby I am engaged in!
    The wicked vilified him on their own,
    Who is it who mortified him?
I like silence; it accompanies me in the locked room,
Don't you disturb my deep thoughts for some time.
    *Hatash*, did you have a breather?
    Stop a while and recover a bit.

○

Every moment here differs,
Every species is different.
Everyone is busy with himself,
Caught in strange circumstances.
Alone I have to bear shooting pain,
So strange is the human species.
Hyenas line the roads,
A strange species is on the prowl.
They may steal light from the sun,
And turn day into another night.
*Hatash*, may you live long!
Good health is a rare gift.

○

We spent a hard life studying,
And loving books.
Times are falsely blamed
It were we who created mischief.
The Death is foolhardy,
The healthy ones go to dust.
If the whole world continues weeping,
The eyes will be in tears.
Those who mortified themselves,
Lived a dead existence.
The calamity goes on its course,
And chides the times.
We remained thirsty,
Even after crossing seven seas.
Are those lucky ones, *Hatash*,
Who plunder others' houses?

○

We sang the melodious songs of the springtide,
We fell down like autumn leaves.(of *chinar*).
Someone was enamoured with this splendid body,
Who it was who came and went leaving us craving for her?
The old shapes changed and the Death raged,
People were driven to wall and licked the roads.
The pitch dark night sits heavy on the eyes,
What a darkness which weighed us down and torments (us).
Some one has a scowl on his forehead, was he keeping a watch?
O, dear we have been suffering the whole of our lives.
We have been pushed around; the kindness evaded us,
Why should we, the vile ones say that our mothers gave us birth?
*Hatash*, when did you listen to divine music?
We sang our songs on river banks.

○

There is no peace of mind in panic,
The feeling of pain torments me much.
Never has Lall come from the heaven to this place,
She plays alone with the burning furnace.
Some saint's abode has been broken into,
Who (is it who) announced his self exile into jungles?
That simpleton is said to be expert in talking,
God knows why does he chide himself today?
His haughtiness subdues others,
We are still drenched in sweat.
I am not an evergreen one like the pine-needles,
The youth has gone and old age is upon me.
*Hatash*, I can't tell you how I have burnt from inside,
I am still carrying that burden.

○

One attains hell after devastating death,
Every one seeks paradise with enthusiasm.
There is noise, plug your ears,
So that I hide in a cave.
To test oneself is very painful,
Gold burnishes after heat.
It is no easy task to live from birth to death,
If you slip every one blames you.
What did I gain and what did I lose; listen *Hatash*,
My inside is heavy, whom shall I confide in?

o

I myself nourished the wounds,
I could not but burnish these.
When infants are buried,
The eyes shed tears of their own.
One who steels his heart against adversities,
How can he be intimidated by any one?
To console someone is the greatest worship,
It is the real saintliness.
Since I saw the simple living of *Hatash*,
I abandoned all the brocades/elegant dresses.

○

I am trampled down by circumstances,
You cannot bear to listen to my tale.
I tested many a man till now,
Everyone tries to entrap me.
Hardly had I a breather recently,
When the whole mountains tumbled down before me.
I was pushed into a tight corner,
How do you call it a strategy?
I travelled through desolate paths
And made myself full of dust.
When my own people caught me by the throat,
Then I understood, it was the age of sin.
Where can you find *Hatash*, my dear?
He is a man on the move.

○

You cast a loving glance, I shall reveal the pain of my mind (to you)
If you keep your promise, I shall extend my confidence (to you).
Don't shed rivers of tears,
I shall offer you my only wealth; the burden of my heart.
What did I gain; do you know what did I lose?
Did you forget my visage that I shall offer you?
I spent my whole life writing verses and crying,
May I offer you the core of heart; my valuable verses?
My myrtle dyed hands were devastated by autumn wind,
How can I emit fragrance before springtide?
I told you to say something with a smile,
I told you, I had to offer a heap of sorrows.
How can I shape my thoughts?
Tongue tied, I shall offer my heart's expression.

○

See, they call me, am I late?
Who will listen to me and appreciate me; is it already late?
I have been caught in the cobweb,
When I come out, the net will be destroyed.
When the decorated bier will reach my threshold,
My children will weep for it might be late.
Be vigilant, lest I should be burnt with hot water,
No one will listen to my cries? Am I not late?
I have destroyed many a couple,
How can I free my soul, am I not late?
Much abuse was in my lot,
My foundation was raw, am I not late?
If I have done good it is all right,
Perhaps someone may remember me, am I not late?
Many desires of *Hatash* remained unfulfilled,
Pardon me if you can, am I not late?

○

Why did you come here stealthily?
Do you know the falcon is after you?
Do not waste your art of expression,
Some day his curse may overtake you.
Why did he come to beat his breast?
The base shackles are deceptive and cunning.
One day you will be caught in the base web,
You will bark day and night (like a dog).
I preserve your questions; deep and meaningful,
You will be dumbfounded when I reply.
Nobody's youth has lasted for ever,
You also will be blunted with time.
*Hatash*, fill your verses with best words
Lest you get tired and die.

○

Express you inner feelings,
Do not conceal anything, put your record straight.
You cannot walk over dead bodies,
Some of them are still alive, redden your fingers.
Your face has lost its sheen; your forehead is full of wounds,
Better abandon looking into the mirror.
One day sitting in the gable; now in exile,
What has happened has happened, stop grieving any more.
I wonder how the times have changed,
Erase all traces of old memories.
If you are great, let it be so. Did you do anything for me?
If you are the waters of Neelnag; let me continue to be a desert.
*Hatash* has wilted under hot summer,
There is no shade, even the coolness is burning.

○

The coolness is ablaze like fire,
In which groove had he stayed in a cave?

He was lustful; for nothing he bowed for worship,
They say his *Ka’aba* remained hidden from him.

You say something when you speak,
Better keep you tongue under control.

The poems have already been imprisoned,
They say learned ones are also being caught.

Time servers inflicted deep wounds,
The net also has tightened its loops.

Our feet bled, our warmth of love cooled off,
The flames may appear through the collar (cleavage).

Is it day or night one does not know,
Perhaps the shining sun also has been rounded up.

One can neither go forwards nor backwards,
They are strongly pitted against every step.

To give thanks is to achieve something, *Hatash*,
Go ahead depending on someone’s help.

○

My simplicity helped me always,
I always refused to be deceptive.

My near ones turned their face on me,
The did not allow me even to talk.

I have to bear the cold of ice always,
Some one might be enjoying the springtide.

I have always undergone similar hardships,
I least care if everything burns down.

Worry is in his lot,
Our love is always in haste.

Whom should we believe now?
My friend has always proved a cheat.

The cruel have to be sorry in the end,
They will always be in trouble and misery.

Did you recover after falling down so many times, *Hatash*?
You have always been trampled under by adverse times.

○

Do you remember what I have undergone for you?
How I have kept the lamp burning in wind?

To jump into the deep sea
After looking at the frightening waves.

When the flame of life began to go out,
How one melts oneself like wax.

I hummed the songs you read out,
Do you remember how the last verse was changed?

How did you react on seeing the heat of the pyre,
Do you know how you burnt yourself?

I preserved the pricks (on my chest) like a rare herb,
And you dodged even after seeing the chest.

The clouds wrapped me in the sun,
Do you recollect death's naked dance?

*Hatash*, the whole life was wasted,
How did we face life's sharp pricks?

○

I kept profligacy with me as it came,
I kissed it and kept it like my life.
        I die with thirst still hold on to life,
        The source of the river has been lost in the desert.
He did not ask me who I was,
He continued in meditation the whole day.
        He began to hide himself in his garment,
        We have done away with friendships.
At so many places you tied knots to receive (divine) favours,
Let you keep the shrine close to the graveyard.
        The empty desolate place searches for human beings,
        Would that the wind blows and takes us with it.
The love of my home eats into me,
God knows why did I fall upon such days.
        Those bubbling springs, that rising son,
        Mere recollection mortifies me.
*Hatash*, is plunged deep into his thoughts,
That is why he sits alone and aloof.

○

In which trap have you fallen?
Whom else shall I call?

How long will you test your own people?
Who was it who made you go into wilderness?

Today's man has no time,
He has been caught in a terrible web.

We are now certified guides,
How many should we mislead now?
These are terrible signs of times,
How can we survive in these circumstances?

*Hatash's* love roars like a mighty river,
The tumult of death calls him from behind.

○

This is widely known, be silent.
It has spread far and wide, be silent.
Many a young was buried within days,
Some were raw and some were ripe.
The living were liberated, the breaths lost count,
The ascetic was tamed there, be silent.
The lie will not prevail, it is impossible,
The truth will go on for ever, be silent.
We bore innumerable strangulations,
How log will they suck our blood, be silent.
Let the wayward nightingale do whatever it does,
The colour of flowers is not imperfect, be silent.
Whoever spoke out rightly was wounded,
Let people blame *Hatash*, be silent.

○

You did not keep your word,
You never revealed your inner secret.

I spoke to you with love but you evaded,
You made light of my request.

Nuptial garments always fit every one,
You never donned old clothes.

Our abode is not worth a penny,
You purchased much but never bargained.

Well, you have been hit by calamities,
But you never compromised your honour.

You asked me my situation, what could I say,
You set fire to my expression.

Your words burnt me to the core,
You left no stone unturned in ruining me.

What stars have fallen in your lot, *Hatash*?
Did you show your horoscope to any one?

○

Ghazal needs rhythm, rhythm gives tune,
O, my dear consciousness, I ask this of you.
The children learn walking over a walker
I write poems holding fast the pen.
The verses sprang forth, the words hot up like fire,
O, my pen do you know I write fire?
I sought you in cremation grounds,
Come in my dreams, I wait for you the whole night.
Many a man fell tired seeking the goal,
I carry the goal and go on.
If you contemplate open your mind
I offer my life to you (as sacrifice).
My luck deceived me under a disguise,
I cannot contain the wounds, I cry for you.
A long journey is hard to complete,
See, how bitterly I weep.
*Hatash*, I could not reveal my troubles to anyone,
I gathered courage and tell this to you.

○

I received what was in my lot,
Otherwise I had nothing to do in these assemblies?
He was so cruel, what can one say,
He planted flowers in a pot without water.
Which abode is this, what a calamity this?
Who cheated me into it?
There is a heap of ricks, the Death is distributing victory,
No one left empty handed from this barn.
I saw ashes and the end is also ashes,
Why anger in eyes and fire in the head?
May that ascetic live long,
What a miracle he has performed in a moment!
They say blood has coagulated at the source,
No visitor comes to the Dal Lake.
I never saw sunshine in this abode of wind,
I bore hailstorm; I was ground in the mill.
*Hatash* is lying with his back on a bed of thorns,
He has been lost in alien caravan.

○

The night makes me weep the whole night,
It makes me lie on thorns.

When old memories haunt me,
I writhe the whole night.

Often the night reminds me of
The thick shade of willow groves.

The ocean of my mind is afflicted,
The night sets billows in motion.

Some times the night makes me shed,
A bitter torrent of tears.

Where did that old affection and warmth go?
The night makes me weep for that.

I dreamt of springs and ponds,
As if the night prepares for home.

Since you lost the poetic vision.
*Hatash* versifies the night.

○

Who dampened your high spirits my friend?
Who ignited your fire of love.

Your body is graceful and tender, with lovely eyes,
Who is it who scoffed at your grace?

You wept bitterly searching through the sandy desert,
Who is it who mortified your desolate heart?

Your own people looked at you with rage,
No one did appreciate your love.

Did any one deceive you as I was (deceived)?
Who is it who betrayed your faith?

You showed your broken heart even after shocks,
Who was it who blackened your flower garden?

*Hatash*, you versified deep thoughts,
But no one could understand your verses.

○

With my loss you will lose the universe,
The world is cruel, it will make you weep much.

Don't you weep; don't shed copious tears,
No one will remember me if you die.

Who will call you, 'lovely', 'attractive', 'beautiful'?
Thick shadows will remind you all this.

You are the tender mirror of my mind,
Don't jolt it, the image will be lost.

Your life is full of grievous shocks, I know;
Who knows how many will die (unwillingly)?

*Hatash* will reveal inner feelings, let it not hurt you,
It will intoxicate your eyes and make you blush.

○

Tearful eyelids, heart terrified wait,
The sun will wake us up ion the night.

Remorseful eyes will shed tears let them (shed tears),
Wait, let the morning come it will cool our fire,

Don't boast; don't play with words don't confront,
The terrible times will change many faces, wait.

He who was afflicted let him (be afflicted), don't you worry,
The Death will lay its hands on us here and now, wait.

Don't you say the fleeting times have stung you,
Wait, lest the words lose their meanings.

Don't you sing the song of the present times
Lest the (musical) instrument should break,

Wait, the times will reveal their secret to morrow (soon)
You slandered yourself over the pillars and posts,

People will sacrifice themselves for you, wait.
The wind plays violently and freely,
Wait, the showers shall subdue it.

The good luck will embrace and kiss you,
It will smash itself with hard stones (of Divar).

The desert of *Najad* began to dance on seeing you,
The *Laila* will reveal her fairy like body, wait.

Tame your heart by ravaging it,
Wait, don't be terrified by false terror.

Tired we rested against boulders,
Wait, let not the sleeping serpent wake us up.

o

The heart's desires came to dust,
The (wine) cups of heart broke into pieces.

The feelings made the heart weep,
The heart was overflowed (by feelings).

In the wrathful tavern
I intoxicated my heart.

How many stories had I preserved
One by one in my mind?

The luck lacked capacity from the very beginning,
Otherwise the lids of my heart were open.

We could never learn confrontation,
The patience remained thankful always.

We spoke openly in public,
We kept our heart open.

The tongue composed verses,
The pen recorded collection of poems.

I spent the whole life in search,
O, how the dear ones were dispersed!

My patience has exhausted, *Hatash*,
If you reveal the sorrowful heart.

○

I am terrified beyond measure, who is it who gave me this trouble?
Who is it who cured my inner wounds sometimes?
Whom did I show the moments of my yearnings, the gloom of my eyes and desires?
Who is it who dyed his nails with my blood?
Whom should we confide in; whom should we tell our misery?
Who was it who consoled the naked but pampered children?
If truth prevailed in these shacks any time,
Who was it who buried them in the grave with his foot on their neck?
The palatial buildings with curtains; the glass houses inlaid with gold,
Who was it who woke the poor up with a stick, when
The times have gone against us,
they were sleeping on a stone pillow?
*Hatash* would reveal the truth but cannot do so,
Who was it who frightened the lion hearted ones with the threat of prisons?

○

When not subdued, the death subdues one,
Try a man how he may.

Perhaps your luck is bad,
That is why your eyes are wet.

They will honour you much
(sacrifice themselves for you) at every step, (if you)
Bow your head before the truth.

Petty people may target me,
Weeping is my lot from the beginning.

The times have gone against us,
We mourn our own selves.

○

To recognize a saint is an art,
To tame with a glance is an art.

To search musk pod in the deer is no achievement,
To spread the fragrance of your own musk is an art.

The sunlight brightens the whole world,
To illuminate nights is an art.

It is good to gild the metal in the furnace,
To eat fire and contain it is an art.

Either be a Plato or run away,
To cure a leper is an art.

It is no feat to offer milk to (black) serpents,
To snatch the ruby and wake up the serpent is an art.

It is no feat to step on the moon,
To shine like a star is an art.

Poetry is the expression of head and heart,
To sing a song you write is an art.

Who knows when the muses will bless?
To write a verse on spot is an art.

Every one can help his dear ones,
To offer ones own self to a stranger is an art.

Water erodes sand dunes in a desert,
To offer water to a thirsty one is an art.

*Hatash*, it is an art to respond to the cries of a hapless person,
And free him from a whirlpool.

○

Who can always live in bliss?
The non-existent becomes manifest.

We spent the whole life reading and thinking,
The ocean of knowledge is boundless.

Some have nothing to eat every evening,
Others have their coffers full.

He (God) does not watch the telling of beads,
Your good deeds heap up profit for you.

The eternity will last for ever,
My life is a mere drop of dew.

I go to whence I came from,
Who is born and who dies?

If you discriminate go your separate way,
The anger and rage is also á delight.

You world is the whole universe,
My world is very limited.

What I gained and what I lost,
What is still left with me?

His advice impressed me,
My own words went in vain.

No one had the full measure here *Hatash*,
*Namrood* too went empty handed.

○

I have sought your patronage,
Purify my body of dirt.

He who is ever thirsty,
No use Mansbal for him.

You blessed me today,
May your strength increase!

I would drink by the pitcherfulls
I the tavern becomes a lake.

I impressed upon him to remember,
But he should himself have been eager (for it).

○

When we came to know that we are naïve,
We shed copious tears.

When the wind jumped into the ocean,
We came to the shore and began to seek our goal.

We experienced many such calamities,
We became half dead in it.

When the courage caught us by the collar,
Then we had to show our strength.

When the luck turned its back on the times,
The oppression also saw its course.

He who is weak in thought,
He lost every move.

Human blood flowed there,
Here we hanged ourselves.

Often we were struck dumb (we could not speak),
Why did we blamed it on *Hatash*?

# Poems

# The bewildered

O, scorching (burning) sun,
stop this circle of (fire) flames
somewhere.

The trees hve not sprouted
nor did the paddy bring forth its ears,
O, yes some grief stricken father,
looks helplessly at the body of his son,
perforated with bullets.

The parched throat of Arni Maal
craves for water,
There is sand upon sand everywhere,
The brooks have dried up like a skeleton.
Would that the rivers would roar again with water!
Would that the earth begets greenery once again!

At mid noon something flows through hot kilns.
Is it blood or milk?
Every moment of night
Sucks blood from the veins like a hot bonfire.
The hot winds blow like simoom.

My baby would sleep for a while
who is writhing with pain,
In homelessness.
I would hum the tune,

That this pain is the lot of my alienated soul.
Will my dreams never come true?

Would that the trees would sprout again,
And the demon of the night would be destroyed!

The sky is still in rage,
Spreading fire on *chinar* boughs.

Tell me is it the dawn or the dust.
The frightening goblin of the times
Is seated in the palanquin of the Lord of Death,
with frightening visage
spreading fire
waylays to path of poison.

O, Kashyap Rrishi,
This is not the time that you leave us and go far away.
You took all my dear ones one by one
With your frightening edge of your sword;
Some to Mala Khah
Some to the cremation ground of Diwan Bagh.

Give me a few drops of water,
I would have kept my remembrance alive.
Tell me how to quench my thirst,
Can I water the earth with it?
Or shall I irrigate the parched land of Rishis?

O, my friends,
You travel with empty pitchers for miles upon miles
To the plateaus and deep ponds.
Beware
Lest the demon of draught
Deceives you
And swallows you up.

My forehead is burning hot,
I search for a few green straws.
Where there would be the greenery of the paradise,
Where wet justice would console minds,
Where human hearts would unite,
Where food would be abundant,
Where there would be abundant love.

Where there would be free flight of birds,
Where there would be no dragons,
I would sacrifice myself there,
I would die for such a place!

# Time

The tongue blew the conch at birth,
The fists were opened.
The Time
Was spun with the circle of fleeting times

The whole of Time has slowed down,
There is a rat race,
In dark nights the light has faded; is furious,
Sometimes bright sky expresses anger,
Somewhere great buildings abound,
Somewhere some one falls on wet earth.

Sometimes it is the swish of a lightening,
Sometimes moments pass very slowly.
Some one gets a bounty there.
Someone weeps profusely here.
Someone is blamed for nothing
Some one gets away with all loot.

# The Snare

Look at your holes,
These resemble those of mine.
All of us resemble each other
In misfortunes,
There is no difference
Open you heart and show.
See you own doings
And make fun of it
Because that simple looking man
Sitting in that glass gable
Is weaving the net
And ruins us all.

# Poem

Of what,
Is there a heap?
Weeping eyes cry.
Fire has raged at noon.
Water has frozen in summer; heads have rusted
The multitude is in a mad rush,
The whole population is enjoying itself.
After demolishing palatial buildings
They now set fire to some hut.
In this calamity
The heavens weep on this mindless plunder.
Humanity bows its head
Weeps, mourns
Bitterly cries
turning its face.

# Native Village

May our village abide,
May our peace and tranquillity abide!

See how the rural areas live unitedly
Look at the cool shade of *chinars*.
The dusk and dawn are our own
May our village live long.
The plough loves the earth,
Gives us food and makes us happy
Everyone seems our own
May our village live long.
We enjoy the blossoming of gardens
WE always deal fairly and well
May we have all the good (things of life)!
May our village live long!
Enjoy the fragrance of villages here
Here the springs bubble with nectar
In short we love our village
May our village live long!

# Hymn *(Leelas)*

○

He who remembers God every moment and always
He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu.*
He who shuns the worldly attachments,
He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu.*
He who controls five sense organs,
God Himself will stand by him.
He who performs daily rituals early in the morning,
He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu.*
He who shuns the allurement of pride, attachment and worldly love,
He remains far from sins.
Remember God's name every moment,
He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu.*
The body is a figure of clay
Consider (this) world a homelessness, (temporary abode)
None can hide from the Lord of Death,

* * *

He only will go to heaven,
who remembers *Har Shambhu*.

He who learns the four Vedas,
That is real abode of Shiva (paradise).
The circle of birth and death will not affect him.
He only will go to heaven,
who remembers *Har Shambhu*.

Consider Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva,
The origin of all the three worlds, as one.
Worship them with pure mind,
He only will go to heaven,
who remembers *Har Shambhu*.

Shiva is the source of the ocean of strength,
The Ganges is the river of knowledge,
He who recites the Gita on its banks,
He only will go to heaven,
who remembers *Har Shambhu*.

When the mind and God's name unite,
It becomes the formless (God).
He who worships that formless form.
He only will go to heaven, who remembers *Har Shambhu*.

The sex, the anger and greed are an ostentatious burden,
Man shivers from the thought of death,
O worshiper why to be afraid of Death?
He only will go to heaven,
who remembers *Har Shambhu*.

The ascetic of Kailas wearing matted hair,
Bow to Him hundreds of times.
May He stay before you, *Hatash*!
He only will go to heaven,
who remembers *Har Shambhu*.

○

When you comprehend the light of knowledge,
Then only Shiva will be with you.

When you shun greed and pride,
Then only Shiva will be with you.

With matted hair and rosary in his neck,
He who has been encircled by serpents,

Bow to that *Neelkanth*,
Then only Shiva will be with you.

His beautiful face is rubbed with ashes,
He is called the source of the Ganges.

Offer yourself to Him alone,
Then only Shiva will be with you.

The great Lord of the cremation ground,
Who is wrapped in lion's skin,

When you see him
Then only Shiva will be with you.

The darkness of the world has enwrapped me,
I am deep in sin also,
He releases from the darkness of delusion,

Then only Shiva will be with you.
He, with matted hair, burns the world,

Some call him Lord of Destruction.
If you concentrate on Him every moment,

Then only Shiva will be with you.
Mounted on an ox; a drum (*damroo*) in his hand.

He who wields the trident, bow to Him,
Then only Shiva will be with you.

○

O, ash smeared Shambhoo make me speak the truth always,
IO, ash smeared Shamboo keep my mind away from bad deeds.

Your kindness reigns the whole world and keeps it light (from sins)
Keep me near your feet, O, ash smeared Shambhoo.

My healthy life, mind, brain and breaths I offer you, (as sacrifice)
Release me from mundane afflictions, O, ash smeared Shambhoo.

I am under slumber of ignorance; my eyes are blinded by delusion,
Wake me up in the early morning, O ash smeared Shambhoo.

My breaths will be pulled, limbs will wilt, body will fall down,
O ash smeared Shambhoo, teach me "*Shiv, Shiv, Shiv-Shanker*"

Saying "I, I" the whole life went by,
Break the illusion of my follies, O ash smeared Shambhoo!

You are the beginning and the end, let me not be mislead,
Make me concentrate on the divine path, O, ash smeared Shambhoo.

I grope under the darkness of delusion, my body has withered,
O, ash smeared Shambhoo show the path of hope to *Hatash*.

○

I am bewildered, how can I cross (this river)?
Shiva, make me cross it.
I have been overtaken by this darkness,
Shiva, make me cross it.

My youth was encircled by greed and delusion,
The old age deceived me in various ways,
I forgot (that) I had to burn (on the pyre),
Shiva, make me cross it.

I weep, I am stunned,
What can I say when I reach there?
For this I beg of you,
Shiva, make me cross it.

I forgot God for my home,
I tremble (with fear),
How to face that durbar?
Shiva will make me cross it.

My sins drowned me,
My ill luck deluded me,
I have come under this heavy burden,
Shiva, make me cross it.

The day has passed, my path is dark,
No use pouring oil in extinguishing lamp,
How to walk through that world?
Shiva, make me cross it.

I have lost way, where to search Him?
I weep when the day has gone,
*Hatash* remained attached to his household,
Shiva, make me cross it.

# Song (*Vachan*)

○

I am dead tired by searching you,
Where did you go my darling?
Who has done such and enmity with me?
Where did you go my darling?

My own ones have volt-faced,
They are scratching my wounds.
Who will comfort me here now?
Where did you go my darling?

My tender body bore it all,
Everyone left me in old age,
They will come when I die,
Where did you go my darling?

I am wrapped by the darkness of illusion,
Sins are heavy on my back,
The gates of paradise will be shut on me,
Where did you go my darling?

I would sacrifice my life for you,
If only you listen to my lamentation,
Tell me why are you cross (angry) with me?
Where did you go my darling?

Before whom shall I lament?
I have been afflicted the whole of my life.
They said that I was good for nothing,
Where did you go my darling?

My yearnings were dashed to the ground,
My home and hearth were shattered,
It greatly damaged my reputation,
Where did you go my darling?

What a clever lady came my way?
That *Hatash* forgot every engagement,
Full of tears I have been weeping
Where did you go my darling?

○

Was it all a dream that passed?
Explain a few things to me.
Has the affection become scarce?
Explain a few things to me.

What for was the taste of dialogue lost?
He who met us, we made him weep,
The modesty became malice.
Explain a few things to me.

The sandy desert is all over me.
They say world is a farce,
I contemplate on this and lose patience,
Explain a few things to me.

Chase a goal; the goal recedes,
The shady trees also broke their heart,
How do flowers grow on stones?
Explain a few things to me.

As soon as the moon was eclipsed,
The sky darkened fast,
I held the sun in the fist,
Explain a few things to me.

Fire rages all over today,
Every path is on fire,
For whom is this whirlpool?
Explain a few things to me.

What will you say or hear O, *Hatash*?
You seek inner light from outside,
What is sin and what is virtue?
Explain a few things to me.

○

Stealthily I heard the whispers,
How to explain that graceful gait?
Where did she go from that mound?
How to explain that graceful gait?

When she went out for a walk in moonlight,
She tempted and went her way,
She returned to her courtyard,
How to explain that graceful gait?

She advised me to stay cool,
That her love and beauty was all for me,
The she laughed to her fill,
How to explain that graceful gait?

One day she prayed for my long life,
Wished me a bright tomorrow,
'How deeply I love you,'
How to explain that graceful gait?

I would place you in my heart,
My heart beats for you,
How to show you my heart?
How to explain that graceful gait?

God knows why she felt overjoyed,
She lay down on seeing me.
My heart beats accelerated,
How to explain that graceful gait?

She melted like a slab of snow,
When she saw my manly stature,
O, *Hatash*, I trembled (with fear)
How to explain that graceful gait?

* * *

My brazier caught fire,
How much can I tolerate? (How much burden can I carry?)

Will you not agree (with me)?
How much can I tolerate?

Sorrows have heaped up in me.
My eyes witnessed destruction,

Whom shall I tell my woes?
How much can I tolerate?

No one is a true friend,
You have to leave your home and hearth.

Listen to my groans,
How much can I tolerate?

The words emit fire today,
Every one is on the run,

Take me to the other shore,
How much can I tolerate?

The times have ruined (us),
Where shall I tell you to wait?

It is difficult to meet (you),
How much can I tolerate?

Let us talk a while,
Perhaps I may be consoled,

Or you will be held for my life,
How much can I tolerate?

This world is transitory,
Untruth prevails here.

May my ill luck be warded off!
How much can I tolerate?

I lost all my essence,
I can hardly express my position,

*Hatash*, plays the tune,
How much can I tolerate? (How much burden can I carry?)

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(End)

9